ALWAYS GO TO HEADQUARTERS

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY.

Extracts, Patent Medicines,

STUFFS,

A FULL line of Paints, Varnishes. Combs, Brushes, Hair Oils, Bay Rum, Toilet Articles, Perfumer, Face Powders, Fine Toilet Soaps, Tooth Powders, Tooth Brushes, Ladies' Hand Mirrors, Razors. Shaving Setts, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Supporters, &c.

Pure, High Toned Flavoring Extracts, Baking Powders and Soda, Pepper, Allspice, Ginger, and Finest Teas in

PATENT MEDICINES, all the Standard and Reliable ones kept in stock. The sweetest and most delicate Perfumes and Odors, and a full line of Colognes and Toilet Water always in stock.

> Chapped hands, face and lips are very prevalent at this season of the year, and nothing will cure and prevent this annoying affliction so effectually as a box of Camphor Ice, Cosmaline, or some of our pure Glycerine.

FANCY GOODS and Bundries, and a thousand and one other articles of general use may be found in our complete stock.

Oblige us by giving us a call, and you will be surprised at our LOW PRICES and superior quality of our

With the compliments of the Season, we are yours, &c.,

"NIMROD" A 20,000 lbs. STEEL PLOWS PLOW STOCKS,

POCKET CUTLERY,

TABLE CUTLERY, Of all Grades.

BUY OUR "BOSS" HAND SAW, Fully Warranted and sold for \$1.50. GUNS, AMMUNITION AND GUN IMPLEMENTS. HARDWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Call on us. Try us, and you will always be pleased.

SULLIVAN & BRO.,

WE are now receiving the largest and most carefully selected Stock of General Merchandise which we have ever purchased, and will make it to your interest to call and examine for yourselves. We have added to the lines usually kept by us many new and desirable ones, embracing—

Ladies' Dress Goods, Flannels, Suitings, Shawls, &c., And the best CORSET on the market at 50c., worth \$1.00. Also, a

LARGE LINE OF READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS,

BLANKETS, SADDLES and HARNESS.

Also, the Celebrated "NEW GLOBE" SHIRT—the king of all Shirts. It needs only to be worn to be appreciated.

We are agents for the Celebrated Mishawaka Sulky Plows, Cultivators and Hand

The ! White Hickory! and !Hickman" one and two-horse WAGONS. every which we guarantee.

The attention of Ginners and Farmers is called to our-

COTTON SEED AND GRAIN CRUSHER, ly which you can crush your Cotton Seed and make your Fertiliser.

We are at all times in the Cotton Market, and will do you right. We will pay all the who awe us for Supplies and Guano an extra price. A large lot of BAGGING and TIES at lowest prices.

Megully, Cathoart & CO.

On the Training a Boy Gets in College.

Atlanta Constitution. It is right, I know, for a man to be conservative and tolerant and respectfully considerate of other people's opinions, but how can a man be so and take the but how can a man be so and take the conservation. but how can a man be so and take the papers. When he reads the nonsense of men claiming to be educators he gets disgusted with fools, and when he reads the venemous lies and slauders of politicians he is equally disgusted with knaves, and so between the two their utterances in the public press keeps him vexed about half the time.

about half the time.

Nevertheless, it is the duty of a good citizen to keep up with the age in which he lives, for he can do something, and it is his duty to read and be prepared for coming events and raise his voice on the right side. It has been a great drawback on the South that her people did not read enough and were too contented with their ignorance; but they are waking up now, and you can hardly find a family in this region that does not take some paper. I mix with our common people a good deal and I know families who take a paper for the children to read, although the parents cannot. This is all right. who take a paper for the children to read, although the parents cannot. This is all right and it is encouraging. After a poor farmer boy has learned to read and write and cipher, he can get a right good education from the papers, and he can get it cheaper than any other way. I would rather my boys would depend on three or four good papers, that would not cost more than ten dollars a year than on fifty dollars worth of Latin and Greek and algebra and geometry. They will Allspice, Ginger, and Finest Teas in the market. Cigars and Tobacco. Best Coal Oil Lamps and Lamp Goods, and every variety of choice Goods and necessary articles usually kept in First Class Drug Stores and used in families.

the in elifull atter cost more than ten usuars a year, than on fifty dollars worth of Latin and Greek and algebra and geometry. They will be of more benefit to him in the practical business of life. Of course, if he is to be a professional man, he must study the sciences and go to college, but it is a hazzard—a great hazzard to send a boy to college, and the reason is plain. Four years at school and four more at college takes eight of the best years of a boy's life, say from 12 to 20, the very years that his physical system needs physical exercise and physical training; the very years when his habits of life and for life are fixed; the very years when he should mix labor with study and let his brain and his muscle all work along to should mix labor with study and let his brain and his muscle all work along together and sustain each other. Coliege habits are habits of physical indolence. A college boy has no education to work anything but his brain when he comes away, and looks around for business. His physical nature abhors work—he can't stand it. His habits are fixed and habits are as binding as fetters, and he sees no agreeable opening except the law sees no agreeable opening except the law or medicine or politics, and so the land is full of quacks, pettigoggers and small politicians who afflict the people and do no good for themselves. These small lawyers sit around town and watch for strife among nabors like a buzzard watches for among nators like a buzzard watches for a carcass. They nurse and encourage all sorts of petty litigation. The doctors gallop off to see a sick patient and keep him sick until it takes his little crop to pay the bill. The politicians get up a rumpus in the newspapers and slander one another until the people don't know who to vote for, and they don't care. And so it goes, and it would have been better, far better, for the whole batch to have stand up the forms. better, far better, for the whole batch to have stayed upon the farm and married clever country girls, and gone to raising children and chickens in an honeat and honorable way. Now if, I say if, the college boys would go to farming I would rejoice to see the boys go to college, for the higher the education the more refined is the happiness that knowledge gives and the better farmers they would make, but they will not. And for like reasons I have never favored the higher education of the negro. His race is physically ordained for labor, muscular labor, and he likes it. A college life is his utter ruin as a man and a citizen, and he comes

ruin as a man and a citizen, and he comes out a genteel African vagabond. I received a letter from one of them in Atlanta the other day that was full of profane abuse and blasphemy for the views expressed in one of my letters, and he demanded the name of that Boston traitor, as he called him, who said he pitied us when he saw the ignorant horde that had been entrusted with the ballot. Well, that darkey has been to college, and is now an educated vagaboud. The trouble with Mr. George W. Cable is that he does not consider the negro as a race but lets his large philanthrophy consider them individually. He finds a case where a negro became an expert from having the advantage of a high degree of culture, and he makes him a type of the race, and puts a demand upon us for a like civilization to all. It reminds me of the educated hog that, a few years ago, was exhibited over the South, and could play cards and tell the time of day upon a watch, but I don't think it follows that we should, therefore, educate all the hogs in the country. The exceptions always prove the rule. No negroes have made any progress in arts, or scionce, or politics, or the pulpit except those who had Caucassian blood in their veins. The cross does well for a time, but it is nature's leat effort, for nature abhors it, and from the unnatural union comes a feeble posterity or none, after the first generation. Some of the noblest colored people I ever knew were of this kind.
Fred Douglas and Senator Bruce and all
the colored men of note are among them.
The barbers of the South are of them,

COODS WERE NEVER SO LOW.

The barbers of the South are of them, and almost without exception they are a law abiding, intelligent and well-mannered class of citizens. I have great respect for them, for they attend well to their business, and are entitled to more respect than some of their customere. Mr. Cable seems to think that justice to the negro requires that we should mix with them on equal terms in our churches and schools and cars and hotels and theatres, and this shows his utter ignorance of the race as a race, for them, for they are a law abiding, intelligent and well-mannered class of citizens. I have great respect than some of their customere. Mr. Cable seems to think that justice to the negro requires that we should mix with them on equal terms in our churches and schools and cars and hotels and theatres, and this shows his utter ignorance of the race as a race, for them, and almost without exception they are a law abiding, intelligent and well-man unered class of citizens. I have great respect than some of their customere. Mr. Cable seems to think that justice to the negro requires that we should mix with them on equal terms in our churches and schools and cars and hotels and theatres, and this shows his utter ignorance of the race as a race, for them, and almost without exception they are a law abiding, intelligent and well-man unered class of citizens. I have great respect than some of their pusiness, and are entitled to more respect than some of their pusiness. and schools and care and hotels a

and always will. Money controls us all, whether we know it or not. Money is the lover of Archimedes and the negro will never have it because he does not want it. It is not his nature to accumulate. He lives and tolk for his present good. A few do acquire property, but only a few, and that proves the rule by the exception. He cannot accumulate the exception. He cannot accumulate if he would, because he has no fitness for the arts and the tricks of trade by which most of our race get rich. The negro rarely cheats or deceives any one in a

trade. He is frank and open and does not know how to plot a fraud or conceal it. In all this I admire him, for he is unlike the white man. Solomon says "a lie sticketh close on the joints between the buyer and the seller," but he meant it for the Jew, and it is true of the Gen-tile, but not of the negro. The negro will steal, for that is an instinct of his race and he cannot help it, but he will not steal much. His inclination that way is limited, but when a white man steals, the more he gets the better satis-

Well, races are races, and we must study them. This study will teach us that the African, the black negro, was by nature and nature's God created and fitted for labor rather than for college or the theatre or the fine arts. But let the experiment of high education go on. Let us try it for another twenty years, and perhaps the problem will be so'red. In the meantime let Mr. Cable po sess his soul in patience, and I hope the New York Tribune will learn in due time why it was that one million of the nation's wards failed to vote for Blaine in the last election. The editor of that Pacific journal has put that conundrum at us yours in as put that conundrum at us very frequently of late and seems impatient for an answer. Well, we give it up. Why don't be ask the wards? As the Scriptures say, "He is of age, ask him." I told John Thomas the other day that one of his Yankee friends up North wasted to have when he didnet note for wanted to know why he dident vote for Blaine, and he stopped short and looked surprised, and said: "Well, boss, what's he got to do wid it?" And then I asked another darkey, and he said, "Goshamity! boss, I didn't know he was a runnin'."

How Fitz John Perter Hade an Ascen-sion During the War.

President Lincoln was much interested n the account of a perilous balloon as-11th of April, 1862, near Yorktown, Va. About 5 o'clock in the morning he stepped into the car of Prof. Lowe's balloon to go up and make a reconnoisance, then to be pulled back to terra firma. He supposed that the usual number of ropes were attached to it, whereas there was only one, and a place in this, it was atterward ascertained, had been burned by vitriol, used in generating the gas. Taking his seat in the car, unaccompanied by anyone, the rope was let out to nearly its full length—the length was about 900 yards—when suddenly snap went the cord and up went the balloon. This was an unexpected part of the programme. The men below looked up with astonishment, and the General looked down with equal bewilderment.
"Open the valve," shouted one of the

men below.
"I'll manage it,,' responded the Gener-

Up went the balloon, higher higher to be went the balloon, higher, higher. It rose with great rapidity. Its huge form lessened as it mounted into the regions of the upper air. It became a speck in the sky. The wind was taking it in the direction of the enemy's territory. By this time every staff officer and hundreds of others were looking at the moving speck. It is impossible to describe the anxiety felt and expressed for him, the central object of thought in the far away moving apack, every moment becoming less visi-It seemed to move toward the Union army, and the countenances there brightened with hope. It passed over the heads of the Union men. Soon it began to descend, but with a rapidity that aroused renewed apprehension. Quickly a squad of cavalry plunged spurs into their horses and dashed away in the direction of the descending balloon.

The rest of the story is as received from the General's own lips. While the rope was being played out be adjusted his glass in readiness for his proposed view of the enemy's territory. A sudden bound of the balloon told him in a moment has the state of ment that the rope had gives way. He dropped the glass, heard the call, "open the valve," made the response given above, and set about looking for the valve. He was sensible of being flighty, (the General loves a pun as well as the next one,) out was not at all nervous. He saw the wind had taken him over the line of wind had taken him over the line of rebel entrenchments. Having no wish to drop in among them, he let the valve take care of itself, and proceeded to take advantage of his position to note the aspect of rebel objects below. Crowds of soldiers rushed from the woods, and he heard their shouts distinctly. Luckily he was above the reach of their bullets, so he was not afraid on this score. lets, so he was not afraid on this score. The map of the country was distinctly discernible. He saw Yorktown and its works, York River and its windings, and Neyfolk and its smoky chimneys. A counter current of air struck the balloon,

and its course was reversed. Its retreat from over rebeldom was rapid. He opened the valve, the gas escaped, and down he came. He could not say how fast he came down, but it was with a rapidity he would not care to have repeated. The car struck the top of a shelter tent, under which, luckily, no one happened to be at the time, knocked the tent into pi, and left him enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk. He crawled out and found himself in the middle of a camp, not 100 yards from Gen. McClellan's headquar-

Stranger than Fiction.

Some twenty odd years ago, there dwelt in California a family of three persons, father, mother and daughter. The latter was a mere child. All were young. The father was a physician. Unfortunately, he injured his new terms and the contraction. ne injured his not very extensive practice by intemperance. His habits became so dissipated, that the poor wife, despairing it his reformation and also of the possi bility of independent action on her own part to secure support for himself and child, proposed a separation. The man agreed to it; but he was not put out like Rip Van Winkle. He was assured that while he lived she would never cease to help him, and that when he mended his ways, their old relations should be restored. He departed to cure himself, if possible, and become worthy of the woman, who, sorely beset, undertook the maintenance of the family. Encouraged by his wife's prayers, letters and heroic conduct, the doctor redeemed himself. At least he thought so, and his poor wife was more than willing to believe it. He returned to her home and heart, warmly welcomed back to both. Unluckily, he had either miscalculated his will-power or the demon of indulgence was simply asleep, and by no means dead within him. He went back to his cups, and him. He went back to his cups, and very scon the skeleton finger of poverty was laid upon his domestic affairs. The devoted wife, unwilling to undertake another experimental separation, and unable to remain where she was, determined to try what change of scene would do for this miserable man, who, naturally kind, talented and wholesome, appeared to be insanely abandoned to the devil of strong drink. Just at this crisis, rumors had reached California of the Comstock Lode discovery, and thither many of the mining population drifted. Across the Sierrass to Virginia City this little and most wretched family journeyed. The Sierrass to Virginia City this little and most wretched family journoyed. The doctor pulled himself together for a while and did some business, but his health was gone and very soon he died. Widow and orphan were left in the very depths of poverty. The generous miners had clubbed together to bury the doctor. They made up a purse for the mother and child, from time to time, and thus saved both from utter deprivation of food, shelter and raiment. There was, at that time, superintendent of one of the mines time, superintendent of one of the mines a sturdy young Irishman, who, from the lowest rounds of the ladder, had begun to push his way to fortune. He was not then more than comfortably well off, and little dreamed of the Monte Christo casket in store for him. He used to carry the weekly or monthly stipend to the wides and his visits to be became more widow, and his visits to her became more widow, and his visits to her became more and more frequent. At last he married her and her days of fear on the score of poverty were over. She possessed a well-to-do husband, who was the master of his passions, and certain to make his way in the world. But, in the days of distress, the unbappy woman had resorted to the morphine habit, and could not, of her own effort, release herself from it. A young physician at Virginia City, who

A young physician at Virginia City, who had recently graduated in France, informed her that if she would visit Paris and put herself implicily under the care of his old master there, her cure could be guaranteed. While the husband remained to uncover, with the present junior Senator from Nevada, the richest silver deposit the world has ever known, the wife crossed the seas and submitted to a rigorous medical treatment. It was suc-cessful after many months of endurance. Empress, when the empire survived, and, during the alleged Republic, she has refused for her daughter the hand of royalty itself. Money, world without end, has been at her disposal and she has lavished her gold like one born in the purple. It was wittily said that when the Figure Government declined to allow her to illuminate, at her own expense, the Are da Trimphe abe heartingly. the Arc de Triomphe, she banteringly offered to buy it at the Government's own price! Her sister married an Italian count, said to be a genuine article, who was rich, distinguished, enterprising and a gentleman. He has for sometime been building railways from Texas to Mexico. Mrs. Mackay is a devout member of the Catholic Church and her alms silve in the country of th Catholic Church, and her alms giving is munificent as her powers of conversion munificent as her powers of conversion are said to be as potent, in some directions, as those of Monsignor Capel in others. Though thoroughly good and pious, she has a woman's pardonable vanity as to personal pulchritude, which is all the more precious to her because it is about to vanish. Hence her world-famous quarrel with the illustrious Meissonier, whose portrait of her was pronounced by her friends a "perfect fright," while the old artist and his cabal insisted that it was a triumph of realism. At

that it was a triumph of realism. At any rate, Mrs. Mackey paid \$25,000 for the canvas, and, to the horror of many Frenchmen who value the least work of the great master as a spark of divinity, she threw it into the fire, and commis-sioned the equally eminent Bonnat to do her lineaments justice for another great sum of circulating medium. And now, while her oputent husband, along with Mr. James G. Bennett, has laid another ocean cable to compete with along with Mr. James G. Bennett, has laid another ocean cable to compete with rival Gould lines, the world is startled by a fresh sensation from the female portion of this remarkable family. All Paris, and therefore all the universe, is in a ferment over the approaching marriage of Miss Mackay and the Prince Colonna. The drift is nuptially to Rome, "the City of the Soul," and to Italian nobility. It is a miraculous bridging of the chasm that lies between the mining gulch of the Nevada mountains and St. Peter's Church, where stands, in supernal splendor, "the grandest dome that mortal hand has painted against God's loveliest sky." But God, in his providence, who inspired the poor young woman to wander to the Comstock Lode and there meet and wed John Mackay, so soon to be the modern Aladdin, has led the mother and daughter from chapter to chapter of eventful life whose truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Little did the widow of the restetched doctor of Vurginia City im-

achievements---such a reader, we say, who knows not of these memorable and who knows not of these memorable and glorious representatives of the Colonna must be content to remain in ignorance, which is hardly bliss. The heir of the which is hardly bliss. The heir of the Colonna family is, therefore, at twenty-seven years of age, to wed the daughter of the poor doctor who fell by the way-side in Nevada, and sleeps his last sleep in that stony desert. The proudest noble of the whole of Europe, with one of the mightiest genealogical records, is to wed the adopted daughter of John Mackay, about a quarter of a century since a comabout a quarter of a century since a common or rather uncommon miner, once poor as the traditional church mouse and now phenomenally rich like one of Jules Verne's heroes stepping from the covers of his most improbable romance. By Jove! it is the most extraordinary

By Jove! it is the most extraordinary fact of modern society and perhaps the most curious example of the happening of the improbable since the son of a Corsican attorney became Emperor of France and conqueror of Kings.

Let us hope that Mrs. Mackay may not, with her bonest lord and excellent describer land on a financial St. Helens daughter, land on a financial St. Helena daughter, land on a financial St. Helena after some speculative Waterloo. Such a contingency and finale would appear to be impossible; but when one remembers what Grant was and what he is now, it is rash to try predictions based on sublunary dispensations. At present, the Mackay star is in the ascendant. True the Comstock Lode is played out and the mines are filled with water. True the Digger Indians threaten to make Nevada the burlesque of a State. True riches often take unto themselves wings and its radiant promise. The day of joyousness has no to-morrow. Every marriage ought to be happy, therefore it will be. Men think more and feel less, and their thought is, "Marriage is uncertain; if not harmonique it begets wretchedness. Who can predict harmony? Who can predict harmony? Who can predict harmony? Who can be the continually of the fine instincts of woman; but they seem sadly at fault in regard to wedlock, which is the use of instincts if they mislead at its the use of instincts if they mislead at the continual properties. noted Pontiff who gave new lustre to art, the stern patrician who lowered the pride of Riezzi, and the angel of beauty and genius whose name shall live with that of Angelo "while there's an echo left to air." - Chronicle and Constitutionalist.

The Greatest Evil of this Nation,

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical pro-cess to prove that a drunken nation can-not long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not at a standatill; but that it is on an onward march and it is a double quick. There is more rum allowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever allowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. According to the United States Government figures, in 1840 there were 23,000,000 gallons of beer sold. Last year there were 551,000,000 gallons. According to the governmental figures, in the year 1840, there were 5,000,000 gallons of wine sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 gallons of wine sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 gallons of wine. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whiskey—by which men mean the whiskey that does not pay tax to the government. I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, cessful afer many months of endurance. Meanwhile the famous California and Consolidated Virginia mines were penetrated by the husband, and the world renowed big bonanza, of which he was principal owner, made him at least forty times a millionaire. The wife in Paris, now perfectly cured and blooming, at once rose into prominence and celebrity, for how could the marvel-loving Parisians help adoring a woman whose talents and beauty were matched by such fabulous wealth so romantically discovered. For years, this lady, who is no other than Mrs. John Mackay, has been a Silver years, this lady, who is no other than discovered. For Europe. She has lived in palaces. Not infrequently pair of the most splendid capital of Europe. She has lived in palaces, now perfectly cured and dounded the such familiar of the most splendid capital of Europe. She has lived in palaces, now and men of genious have paid court at her shrine. She outshone the dark of the surface of them; and then if you had during the alleged Republic, she has refused for her daughter the hand of royal and layer the hish of the surface court at her shrine. She outshone the world whice enough stentorian to make the mall the straing of them far more than its curround, crocked and his electric procked. If I could she was the solid wind and the straing of the surface and the straing of the surface and the

BLAZONED WEDDINGS. Why Weddings Should be Private.

by women as joyous events, and worthy of jubilant commemoration. The gleeful unanimity with which they respond to an announcement of a wedding, the alacrity with which they attend it, and the sentimental events were the sentimental contents to the sentim the sentimental excitement it produces in them, are as remarkable as they are universal. Men, however, unless very young, are not apt to share their enthusiyoung, are not apt to share their enthusi-asm and transport on this subject. They may want to be married—though this is doubtful—as much as women; but they do not feel so sure that marriage will bring happiness. Knowing more of life and human nature, particularly of their own, they look beyond the present; they see the risk; they understand that the fairest prespects may be most deenly fairest prospects may be most deeply shadowed. Women are prone to shut their eyes to everything but the immediate. To them, sufficient for the time is its radiant promise. The day of joyous-

Digger Indians threaten to make Nevada the burlesque of a State. True riches often take unto themselves wings and fly away. But, in all human probability, the present generation of Mackays will continue to flourish on earth, die in regal paraphornalia and be gratefully remembered after death in cathedral aisles. And some day, very remote, when the Italian chronicler has occasion to record some singular phase in the history of his native land, not the least glorious announcement may be that a princely descendant of Mrs. Mackay's daughter was worthy of the great Admiral who beat back the Ottoman power on the sea, the noted Pontiff who cave new luster to at the surface of some singular phase in the history of his native land, not the least glorious announcement may be that a princely descendant of Mrs. Mackay's daughter was worthy of the great Admiral who beat back the Ottoman power on the sea, the noted Pontiff who cave new luster to are trained to accept as a husband; if they can not accept as a husband; if they can not save her from a partial or total wrecking of her peace? She appears to be a better judge of man under any other circumstances than those wherein he asks her to be his wife. It may be that his offer so flatters her; that the phrase "I love you!" so unsettles her intelligence as to render her incapable of discretion. Whatever the cause of her mental myopy, whatever the effect of a formal proposal, and the proposal is the use of instincts if they mislead a woman in the most important occurrence of her life; if they do not tell her whom to accept as a husband; if they can not save her from a partial or total wrecking of her peace? She appears to be a better judge of man under any other circumstances than those wherein he asks her to be his wife. It may be that his offer so flatters her; that the phrase "I love you!" so unsettles her intelligence as to render her incapable of discretion. whatever the effect of a formal proposal, she certainly commits, at that crisis, many and extraordinary blunders. Cynics might say that she is so anxious to be married that she is not fastidious concerning the man. But this is seldem true. Any woman can get a husband if

strain. And the part of the word of the who now live in apparent who no

with a series of a

land should advocate and take part in them. The finest women do not approve them and are not so married. Their delicacy revolts at such pomp, and shrinks from such violation of the plainest proprieties. At every wedding of this kind, the presents are displayed and labeled, and their quality and cost published in the newspapers, along with the full toiler. From the Courier-Journal. Weddings are almost always regarded

the newspapers, along with the full toilet of the bride; not her gowns alone, but even her underwear, her stockings, every shred of her esoteric wardrobe. Is this shred of her esoteric wardrobe. Is this nice; is this womanly; is this decent? Every properly organized person knows that it is not. Such things would be incredible if they were not so continually done, and done, too—which is still more incredible—by those pluming themselves on their ladyhood. Ladyhood in sooth! It is evident that in the social world there are ladies and ladies; that what some of them habitually do without the slightest hesitation others could not think of doing without a fiery blush.

Formerly, when a bride's entire ward-robe with every connubial detail had been advertised in the newspapers, it was assumed that the prying irrepressible re-porters, on whose shoulders so many sins, porters, on whose shoulders so many sins, not their own, are usually laid, had surfreptitiously obtained the particulars. This assumption is no longer made. The mother, sister or other near kinswoman of the bride meets the reporters eagerly, and furnishes them with complete information of the most indelicate sort, on the ground that, in matters so momentous, entire accuracy is absolutely necessary. The transparent fact is that the bride, as well as those related to her, are resolved to have her bridal, and everything connected with it, blazoned before the public, irrespective of propriety. She and they might claim that the marriages of titled and prominent persons in the Old World monarchies are copiously chronicled, and that the majority of newspaper readers enjoy such goasip. This is true enough; but the Old World monarchies are not examples for a Republic and a pure Democracy, and no sensitive man or woman would be willing to gratify vulgar curiosity unicas

whatever the cause of her mental myopy, whatever the effect of a formal proposal, she certainly commits, at that crisis, many and extraordinary blunders. Cynics might say that she is so anxious to be married that she is not fastidious concerning the man. But this is seldom true. Any woman can get a husband, if she tries—not, perhaps, the kind of husband she wants, or ought to have, but a very tolerable husband, as such creatures go. In view of the femiline passion for w.ddings, woman's willingness to become a vife, under unfavorable aspects, might be measurably explained by her determination to add one more to the interminable list, even at the price of being herself a connubial mattyr.

There can be no objection to weddings, but the majority of brides, and all their feminine friends and acquaintances have an ardent prejudice in behalf of showy, sensational, widely trumpeted weddings, sensational, widely trumpeted weddings, and ardent prejudice in behalf of showy, a few of the nearest and dearest are invited, where everything is simple and plain, is likely to be disapproved by most of the gentler sex. They seem to think marriage incomplete, unless it be gilded, inflated, and, in the Freuch sense, exploited. They want to have a grand time, a social crush, and a deal of form and pomp, an excess of fuss and fribbling. Men, generally, do not incline to that their friction is necessarily less;
that their chances of coatentment, or
silent resignation, are increased. Poverty is always a fearful strain, especially in
marriage, and it is hard to hide the
strain. Many rich busbands and wives
who now live in apparent accord, and are
realled happy, from ignorance of their
mutual feelings and attitude, would have
intered neart long any had their circums.